

Robbie Fulks

"Busy not crying"

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Busy Not Crying

Well I'm busy not crying and I'm too tied up to care

Not thinking 'bout her is a 24-hour affair

I can't weep, I can't worry

My whole life's just a hustle and hurry

Busy not crying over somebody that ain't there.

Early each morning I roll out of bed

Jumping all around and shaking my head

Trying to steer clear of the things she left behind

There's a pink pair of slippers and a coffee cup

One I can't fill, one not to fill up

Any more not to do and I think I'm gonna lose my mind

Moving each day at a mighty quick pace

But my heart stays in the same sad place

Nothing that heavy could ever catch up to me

It takes all the fuel I can fit in my car

To ride around the spots where the memories are

And it's a full-blown chore overlooking what's plain to see

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